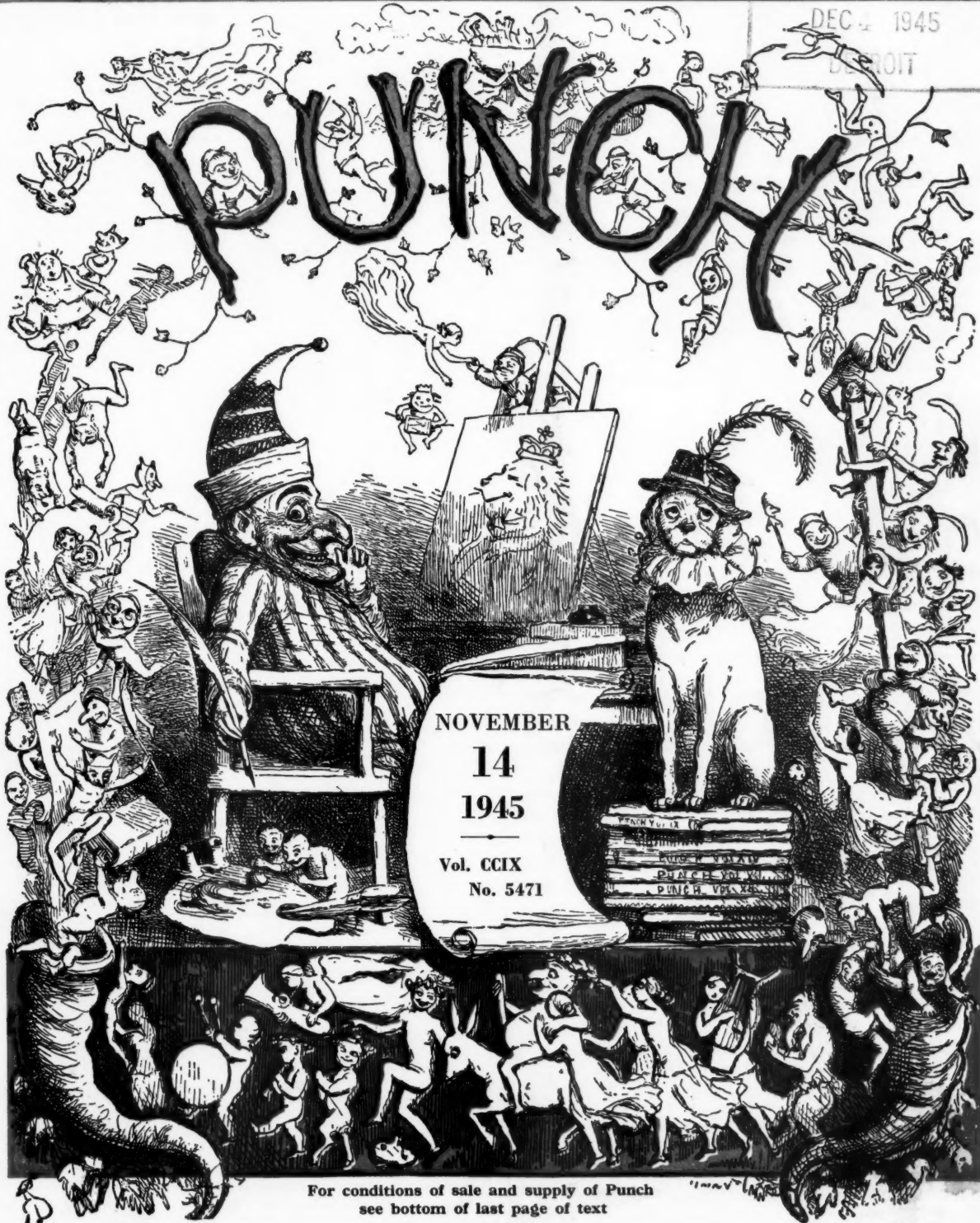


ONE OF THE MANY
Contributions by **DUNLOP**

**THE TANKS.**

Dunlop developed rubber-tired wheels for tanks and tracked vehicles and produced nearly 1,000,000.



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **Triplex**—and be safe
Regd

Put your best face forward..



Smooth over your face and throat the rich fragrant Yardley Skin Food. Relax—in sleep or in the bath. And behold! your skin is baby-soft, clean, fresh as to-morrow's dawn!

Skin Food 6/6

Sorry, no post orders!

Yardley
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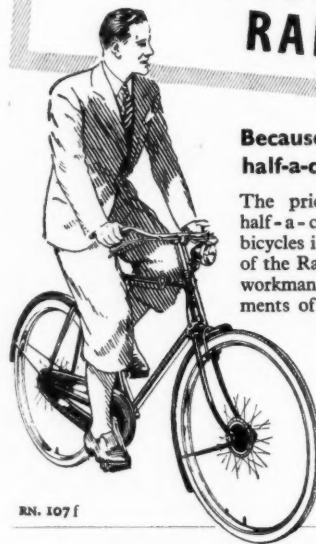
MECCANO AND HORNBY TRAINS

*The World's
Greatest Toys*

THE GREAT DAY when we shall once more be able to supply these famous toys is getting near. Keep looking out for our announcements!

MECCANO LIMITED, BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

Choose the REDOUBTABLE RALEIGH



Because Raleigh is backed by half-a-century's experience

The priceless experience of over half-a-century's building of fine bicycles is expressed in every feature of the Raleigh design... materials, workmanship, and in all those refinements of finish that single out the Raleigh in any company.

Until Government restrictions are lifted, normal distribution of cycles cannot be resumed, but keep in touch with your Raleigh dealer.

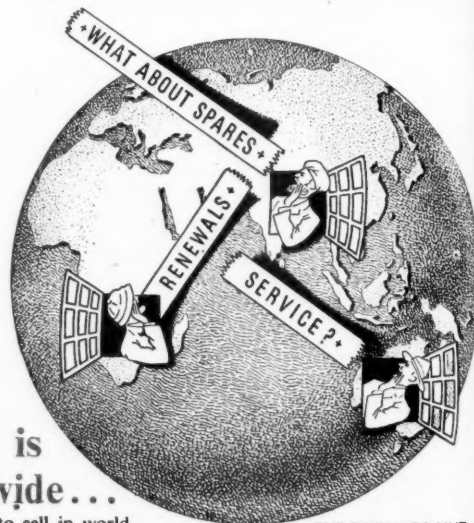
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RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM

NO CYCLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A STURMEY-ARCHER VARIABLE GEAR



Our service is world-wide...

Do you hope to sell in world markets? Then one of the questions your customers will ask is "What about Spares, Renewals and Service?" In so far as you have fitted Simmonds accessories and components you will be able to put your hand on your heart and say: "Sir (or Senor or Sahib, Serge or perhaps just Mister) the service is world-wide." Quite a sales point—for both of us!

THE SIMMONDS NUT
PINNACLE NUT
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SIMMONDS

Servants to Industry... on the spot when wanted

SIMMONDS AEROACCESSORIES LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON
A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP
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FOR QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER SHAVES

Change to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

SOMETIMES
HARD TO GET
— ALWAYS EASY
TO USE



Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

MELTICIPATING THE RETURN OF



N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly
Meltis Ltd., London & Bedford

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them.
L.B.LTD. London

Your Hair Brush rebristled—

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
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Of St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4



Church's shoes

are made on famous lasts, by men of traditional skill, in tune with the needs of modern comfort.

made by Church's of Northampton



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED

SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES
RECORDS AND RADIO APPARATUS

"His Master's Voice" leadership in tonal quality and purity of reproduction is no accident It has been won—and held—by the finest research organization in the radio industry.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Radio and Television

DANCE WITH RELISH!



AND here's a couple of piquant supper partners—Yorkshire Relish, Thick and Thin. Rich and fruity, they're the favourites to flavour it! Don't accept any other kind.

**FOR A NEW
TASTE IDEA**
Make sardines on
toast piquant with
a few drops of
Yorkshire Relish

**Yorkshire
Relish**

Under wartime zoning
THICK and THIN, up North
THIN only, down South

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds,
makers of famous sauces for 80 years. (42)

You're telling me...



but of course I know

THAT

**CARR'S of
CARLISLE**

HAVE MADE

THE BEST BISCUITS
FOR OVER 100 YEARS

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ROUYER GUILLET BRANDY — OVER 140 YEARS' REPUTATION

Don't
just say
Brandy.
say

R.G.B.

An Invitation

The Midland Bank invites all who are making plans for business with other countries to take advantage now of the Bank's co-operation.

The Overseas Branch of the Bank in London and the Foreign Branches in various provincial centres have a vast fund of information and experience, and through many thousands of banking agents in all parts of the world facilities are available for handling every type of transaction.

The Manager of any of the Bank's 1,800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems related to foreign trade.

**MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED**

Jacqmar's New Ballet Scarf

Lac des Cygnes

At the leading Stores or from

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.

I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO

Sleeplessness



The nightly cup of Allenburys Diet taken at bedtime induces that sound, refreshing sleep so vital to the recuperation of energy, especially with people of advancing years.

This delicious food-drink does not tax the most delicate digestion. Fresh, creamy milk and whole wheat, supply in an easily-assimilated form the vital nutriment for building up frayed nerves and depleted body-cells.

From all Chemists, 4/6 a tin.
(Temporarily in short supply.)

**Allenburys
DIET**

Made in England by Allen & Hamburys, Ltd.



The quality of
Burgess Sauces,
Fish and Meat
Pastes & Essence
of Anchovies is the
standard by which
other similar high
class foods are
judged.

JOHN
BURGESS
& SON LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1760



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE V

Hythe Rd., Willesden Junction, N.W. 10

More
than a century's
untarnished reputation

Goddard's

the finest polish for
Silverware

Miles are many...
Tyres are scarce
Drive Carefully!



**NORTH
BRITISH
TYRES**

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD EDINBURGH AND LONDON

T.22

If you run a  laundry
 excavator 
liner  tractor 
lorry  bottling plant
 laboratory  plane
 brewery  factory

it will pay you to enquire about
"higher filtration" efficiency by

BRITISH FILTERS LTD

32 BERKELEY ST., W.1. G.R.O. 2523 & OLD COURT, COX GREEN, MAIDENHEAD. M.H.D. 2560

Ssh!

**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS**
IS HERE AGAIN,
BUT IN LIMITED
QUANTITIES

If your usual Wine Merchant is unable
to supply you, you are invited to send
his name and address to Angostura
Bitters, (London) Ltd., 83 Cannon
Street, London, E.C.4, England.



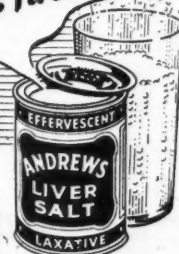
COLDS
rarely catch me - I keep ahead
with
Cephos
SOLD EVERYWHERE
1/3 & 3/-
inc. Pur.Tax
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

*This good cigarette
in green packets*



CARRERAS · 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

For a clean
healthy system
INNER CLEANLINESS
comes first



For deep-down Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly — not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews cleanses:

FIRST .. Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT .. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN .. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(35-12)



Cheese is one of nature's most nourishing foods . . . made doubly nourishing taken with the biscuits that are made from the finest ingredients . . .

Mc VITIE & PRICE LTD
Makers of High Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Unexcelled
for
Tea Time Sandwiches



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL LTD**



Transition from war to peace has already begun. Designers and craftsmen are busy planning the New World eclipsing the old. For this VENUS pencils will be their first choice. With peacetime production it will be possible to obtain the full range of VENUS pencils, well remembered for their strength in performance, smoothness in action and distinctive finish. Meanwhile, they are available as VENUS "War Drawing," also Blacklead, Copying and Coloured "Utility" pencils.



ENUS

Still stands for Quality in **PENCILS**

THE VENUS PENCIL CO., LTD., LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.S.



FOUR SQUARE is still made, as ever, from pure tobacco—matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood; free from artificial scents and flavouring.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5471

November 14 1945

Charivaria

A LARGE magnet is advertised as a suitable Christmas gift. Buy one for father; it might get him a taxi.

According to a sports-writer, Tote officials still discourage visitors who are anxious to see how it works. One can of course drop in unofficially by sitting on the roof at Worcester.



A pickpocket being chased by police rushed into a shop and hid under the counter. The shopkeeper automatically put out a "No Pick-pockets" notice.

American girls can now get nylon stockings from slot machines. Ours will depend on Transatlantic pilots as usual.

Printed notice in Birmingham confectioner's window:

POLICE NOTICE
QUEUES STRICTLY PROHIBITED.
ANYONE FORMING QUEUES
WILL NOT GET SERVED

So don't let anyone stand behind you.

A Londoner hurriedly entering a taxi broke a window of the vehicle with his head. He apparently sliced his dive.

"Is a constantly recurring dream of any special significance?" asks a correspondent. If it is about a loud ringing noise, yes.

Secrets of Nature

"At Tenby... the bathing is excellent, there being neither pebbles nor shingle, whilst the water, which is beautifully limpid, becomes gradually deeper as the bather advances."—*Official guidebook.*

Probably due to the curvature of the earth, or something.

A new Bill fixes rents for furnished rooms. A small committee is trying to find the rooms.

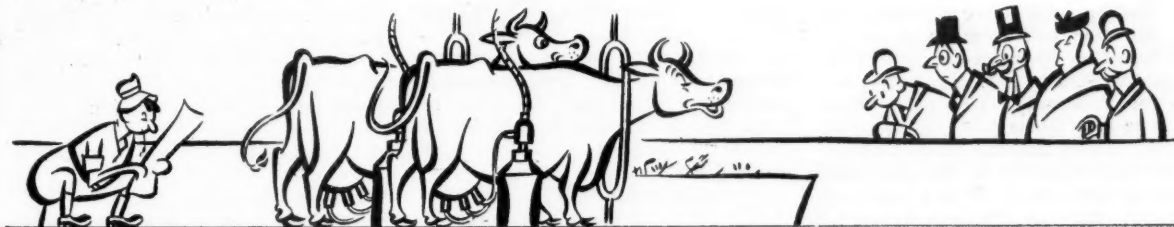
A well-known boxer plays the trombone. He says it improves his reach.



New York has introduced express traffic lanes. One of the results is a considerable speeding up of pedestrians.

The real difference between pre-war and post-war trunk calls seems to be that nowadays it's the subscriber who says he's through.

In Bedfordshire recently there was an exhibition of the wonders of farm machinery. The rustics enjoyed the town visitors' simplicity.



Reinstatement

Messrs. Grub & Gadgets,
The Emporium, Church Street,
Tilthington, Slugshire

DEAR SIRS,—As I may, I am told by the War House, properly anticipate my release from the Forces before the recommencement of hostilities and, indeed, in their own words, in the near future, I write now to inform you of my intention of applying for reinstatement in my former peace-time occupation.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your letter of October 30th and would like to say how proudly we shall welcome home to the emporium a member of our staff who has such a distinguished war record as yourself. We feel, however, a little hesitant about acceding to your application for reinstatement. Perhaps you will remember that when you went into the Army your occupation was, if you will forgive our mention of it, that of delivering groceries on a tricycle, and we thought perhaps that a position of greater trust would be more acceptable to you now.

The post of under-manager at our Rubbleton-at-St.-Philip's branch is vacant and we anticipate that the remuneration would be more in accordance with your needs than the present rate for errand-boys.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM COLLARANTY,
Manager.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid you misunderstood my previous letter. My application is for reinstatement in my former employment. The only favour I should like to ask is that I should not be given the tricycle without a bell. All the other boys had bells on theirs.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of November 8th was brought before a meeting of the directors, and I am instructed to say that they have decided to treat it as one written in jest. My uncle, Sir Joseph Collaranty, personally adds that he remembers your lighthearted pranks of yore and has often chuckled over them whenever he has seen your name in the papers. We feel, however, that our offer does not perhaps entirely meet with your approval, and we

would like to take this opportunity of offering you the post of deputy-manager here in Tilthington.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM COLLARANTY,
Manager.

DEAR SIR,—I must repeat that my application is for reinstatement in my former employment. I should like to suggest, however, that I should be given a motor-bicycle instead of a tricycle, as I have learnt to ride one whilst in the Army.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

P.S.—Do they still keep that mad dog at The Laurels? If so, I shall carry side-arms.

DEAR SIR,—My uncle, Sir Joseph Collaranty, instructs me to say that he has personally examined your record in the war, of which Messrs. Grub and Gadgets are extremely proud, and suggests that you might favourably consider the post of general manager of the firm's branches.

Yours faithfully,
BERTRAM COLLARANTY,
Manager.

P.S.—He says too that he does not comprehend your reference to side-arms, as presumably you would not be wearing uniform. In any case he feels bound to say they would be prohibited.

DEAR SIR,—It seems that I must make myself clear in quadruplicate. I hereby apply for my former position with you. I hope that a khaki cape, my personal property, would not be considered as uniform by Sir Joseph. It would be very handy on a tricycle.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

P.S.—Or on a motor-bicycle.

DEAR SIR,—I myself have carefully considered the correspondence between my nephew and yourself on the subject of your reinstatement. I should like to say that owing to an unforeseen development the firm finds itself in a position to offer you the post of managing director and is prepared to provide a motor-bicycle for your personal use.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLARANTY,
Chairman.

DEAR SIR,—What about the other boys? Can they have motor-bicycles too?

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

P.S.—With electric horns?

DEAR SIR,—That would be a matter for your decision on taking up your appointment.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLARANTY,
Chairman.

P.S.—I may add that I myself am thinking of retiring shortly.

DEAR SIR,—I accept your offer.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD SUGGS,
Major-General.

P.S.—Are you? I can't think why.

Chivalry

IN the street I met a man clutching what looked like a dumbbell but was really an apple. Perhaps, I thought, he walks each day through Harley Street on his way to work and carries an apple in self-protection; or else he is a business king and has three beautiful secretaries between whom he is anxious to perform a Judgment of Paris. As I so mused the man came up to me and said "Excuse me, sir, I wonder if you know anything about apples and could tell me if this is a Cox's Orange or a Laxton Superb?" I shook my head and he sighed sadly. "A pity," he said; "my wife says it is a Cox's, but our neighbour's wife is convinced that it is a Laxton Superb." "I am sorry," I said courteously, "that a thing so beautiful should be a cause of dissension between two ladies who no doubt are very beautiful too." "It is not that," he said, "but I have a bet with my neighbour that my wife is wrong."



THE BABY-HOLDER

"As if I hadn't got plenty of troubles of my own!"



Assistant Masters : Are They Insane?

Another Affair in the Boot-Room

(From the papers of A. J. Wentworth, Esq.)

NOTHING, I suppose, can now stop the story getting about. I blame the Headmaster for this. Had he listened quietly to my explanation, as I think I had a right to expect, instead of wilfully misinterpreting the situation in which he chanced to find me, the whole ridiculous affair would have been cleared up, my coat would have been on and the fishing-rod back in its place long before Wilson and Tremayne peeped in to the boot-room. As it is, goodness knows what wild rumours the boys will spread about the incident. Already some young ass has chalked "LOBSTER POTS. KEEP OFF" on the top of the boot-lockers; the next thing I suppose will be ground-bait on the floor of my form-room and similar follies. Well, I shall know how to deal with that kind of humour.

Looking back I cannot see that I acted unwisely at any point, given the unusual circumstances in which I found myself. If the Headmaster cannot understand why I should want my umbrella at ten o'clock at night,

it shows a want of sensibility on his part, not any lack of sense on mine. The fact is that I did *not* want my umbrella, in one way, for it was a fine starlight night and I had nowhere to go—unless it had occurred to me to go for a walk at that improbable hour of night—which I should never have done had it been raining, naturally. I simply wanted to know where my umbrella was.

I had expected it to be down at the cottage, actually, but noticing quite by chance that it was not in its usual corner in the hall I had a hunt in my bedroom and still failed to find it. I became rather worried and as it was a fine night decided to set my mind at rest by strolling up to the school and having a look in the Common Room cupboard—not the cupboard *in* the Common Room, where we keep our gowns, but the tall one just outside where cricket bats and so on are kept in the winter and footballs in the summer. What the Headmaster cannot seem to see is that it was only *because* it was a fine night that I was looking for it at all. It would have been madness to walk

up to School through a downpour simply to see whether my umbrella was there or not.

At any rate I went straight to the cupboard, not troubling to switch on the lights, for I had my torch with me, and had just ascertained that my umbrella was *not* there when I stepped back on to a cricket ball and in saving myself from a fall had the ill-fortune to smash my torch against the wall. So I had to grope my way out of the cupboard in the dark and in doing so dislodged Gilbert's fishing-rod which fell with a clatter to the floor. Rather carelessly, in my opinion, though I am no fisherman, he keeps it set up ready for an occasional afternoon with the grayling, instead of taking it to pieces when he has finished with it. Luckily I found the rod after a little trouble, by sweeping about with my hands, and stood it up again in its corner. Then I turned to go out, but to my astonishment as soon as I moved the rod fell down again. When the same thing happened a third time I decided to leave the rod where it was until I had put the lights on and could see what the trouble was. I had not yet realized of course what had happened. But the moment I took a step into the corridor I felt something pluck sharply at my clothing at the back and a kind of grating scream came out of the depths of the cupboard. I am not easily rattled—I should hardly be a schoolmaster if I were—but I confess that for a moment my blood ran cold. Then I pulled myself together, put my hand behind my back and grasped the gut that was holding me fast to Gilbert's rod and reel.

By ill-chance the hook had caught me firmly between the shoulder blades, out of reach, and though I might have broken the gut I did not care except as a last resort deliberately to damage a colleague's property. I was now in something of a dilemma. Had it been merely a question of getting to the light-switch in the corridor the problem would have been relatively simple, but it was not, for all downstairs lights in the school buildings are controlled by a master-switch behind the boot-room door, and this the Headmaster himself patriotically switches off every evening at half-past nine. It was out of the question to attempt to make my way to the boot-room with the reel screaming behind me at every step. I should have woken every boy in the house. I therefore decided, as I think rightly, to take the rod with me to the boot-room (carrying it of course in my hand). To avoid further noise I re-entered the cupboard backwards on my hands and knees, or rather on my knees and right hand, for with my left I kept contact with the line. In this way I had no difficulty in finding the tip of the rod. Then working my fingers down until I grasped the butt I rose to my feet and left the cupboard for the last time.

It was no easy journey to the boot-room. If I raised the point of the rod too high the result was a sharp tug at my shoulders and a warning scream from the reel, while to lower it too much was to run the risk of entanglement in the slack. It was, I suppose, fear of this latter disaster that made me raise the point too sharply after manoeuvring it carefully through the boot-room door. Unknown to me the line at the very tip of the rod looped itself round the hasp of the fan-light over the door, and inevitably at my next step forward the coat rose on my back, the rod quivered in my hands and a yard of line was stripped with great violence from the reel.

There was now only one thing to be done. I leaned the rod against the door-jamb, removed my coat and lowered it with great care to the floor, at the same time keeping one hand on the rod in case it should be pulled over by the movement of the coat. I was now of course free and very soon had the master-switch down and the boot-room light working. Then I picked up the rod and,

stepping on to the boot-lockers, lifted the line clear of the fanlight hasp.

That the Head should appear at this moment was only in keeping, I suppose with the miserable ill-fortune I had met with all through.

"Ah, Wentworth," he said. "I thought I heard a noise." Then his eyebrows went up.

"Do you often come here to fish?" he asked.

"I was worried about my umbrella, sir," I began, realizing at once that until he knew what had happened my behaviour must seem very odd, but he cut my explanation short.

"I see," he said. "And you thought a little fishing would take your mind off your worries? You have foul-hooked your coat, I see."

"This rod was in the Common Room cupboard, Headmaster," I explained, stepping down off the lockers, "and as you can see, the hook caught my coat while I was looking for my umbrella. It is Gilbert's rod," I added.

The Headmaster still looked dubious. "It's a long cast from the cupboard to the boot-room, Wentworth," he objected.

"My coat was in the cupboard, sir," I said with some impatience. "If you would allow me to explain the whole thing—"

"No, no," he said. "No. I don't wish to pry into my masters' affairs. I have no objection whatever to your fishing in the cupboard, provided the boys are not disturbed. But I do think it ought to stop there. I *cannot* understand how you came to kill in the boot-room, considering— What do *you* want?"

He had turned sharply, and to my dismay I caught a glimpse over his shoulder of Wilson and Tremayne in their dressing-gowns.

"I—we're sorry, sir," said Tremayne, looking at my fishing-rod with his eyes popping out of his head. "I didn't know—we thought we heard a queer noise—"

"Get off to bed both of you at once," ordered the Headmaster, and when they had run off, he turned back to me and made the most inexplicable remark.

"You and your umbrella, Wentworth," he said. "You'll be the death of me yet."

What is particularly puzzling is that this is the first occasion, so far as I know, on which I have even mentioned my umbrella to the Headmaster.

H. F. E.

November

THE leaves fall, gold of the worn year's minting, in Danaë-showers. The morning mists reach damp, embalming fingers into the beech. The chestnut splays drop dry at noonday. Glinting

the leaves fall, and the old sun finds out new spaces, places that have never known his hot summer. He slants, a late-comer, where the leaves had shaded the squirrels' traces.

The leaves fall, quilting in umbers the brittle stems of chrysanthemums, whose life perfumes the year's dying. The leaves fall, and an acre of starlings flying pivot like a giant handful of tossed black gems.

The leaves fall, in wreaths for a season's funeral, back to the earth. They eddy, and rest, and rot; and will succour a new birth, softened to sap for springtime. The leaves fall.

Purchasing Commission

HOW long is it. I wonder, since you were a discriminating customer? All right, it doesn't matter—long enough, anyway, for you older readers to have forgotten the technique and for you young things to have grown up in abysmal ignorance of your duties as members of the purchasing public. That is why I have taken the trouble to prepare this short study course. Read it through very carefully and then pass it on to a friend, mentioning the author.

You are familiar, no doubt, with Sir Stafford Cripps's "working party" idea, with those tripartite bodies which will plan the reconstruction of our industries. Well, you—yes, *you*, my friends—are to be represented in these parties. On each of these committees four prominent consumers will rub shoulders with four employers and four employees, and they will see that your special interests are considered and respected. Clearly the new situation calls for a radical overhaul of our purchasing practice. We must make buying, even of the most trivial article, really scientific.

You are about to buy a teapot. You enter the shop and are greeted by an assistant.

"Good morning, madam," he says.

"I should like to be shown some teapots—teapots in which the material is used intelligently and economically, teapots which satisfy every functional requirement and which are, above all, truly agreeable in an æsthetic sense."

"Certainly, madam, I have just the very thing. Now this one is very attractive if you like anemones. We also have it in azaleas."

"I am afraid you misunderstand me, young man. I wish first to assess the vessel's fitness for its purpose. Be good enough to brew some tea so that I may test the thermal conductivity of the handle and the pouring efficiency of the spout."

"Er—certainly, madam . . ."

"Thank you, just two lumps. Yes, it pours all right, the lid remains in position at an angle of 55 degrees and the whole thing should be quite easy to clean. Now a test of impact strength . . . Oh, dear, I'm afraid this would never do. Just examine that fracture and you'll see what I mean . . . What else have you?"

"I regret to say, madam, that we've nothing—"

"How about the one over there? That certainly looks a nice bit of industrial design."

"Oh, *that* one, madam. It's one that is just coming on to the market—the only teapot that can get along without the traditional 'one for the pot.' You see, tucked away unobtrusively inside the—"

"Really, how very ingenious. We must certainly try this one. . . . Just the one lump this time, I think."

"Would you like me to send it or would you rather take it, madam?"

"Just one moment, young man. I turn now to the socio-economic background of this possible purchase. Tell me, what was the ex-factory price of this pot? As much as that? Hm, distribution seems fairly efficient. And what are industrial relations like in this factory? They are, eh. Would you say that the production committee is a real force or a mere piece of window-dressing? Thank you. One more question: Would you call the directors really enlightened? You would. Well, everything seems to be in order, I'm glad to say."

"What address did you say, madam?"

"Next, I would like to see what you have in competing materials, what teapots you have in plastics, steel, aluminium . . . By the way, is there a doctor in the house? You look frightfully pale, young man." HOD.

Atlantic Hotel, Hamburg

THE elderly bird with the Frontier ribbon on his Civilian Mil. Gov. officer's uniform says Yes, the language problem is getting very difficult indeed. Practically everyone here in Hamburg now knows a bit of English and they will keep trying to understand what you are saying, which takes their minds off where you are pointing. For himself, he gets over it by issuing all orders in Hindustani, which has the added advantage of putting the interpreter in his place and obviating any chance of funny business on his part.

The young Captain of Marines says that he had a notion at one time to start learning German, but he gave it up when he realized what a deceitful language it was, after wasting half a day's swanning expedition looking for the Wonder Bar that the civilians were always talking about.

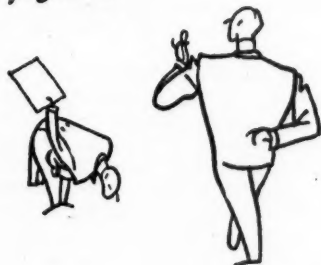
The Mil. Gov. officer with the thick glasses and the strained look says that it must be fine to be in the Army and to have nothing to think about but swanning. If they were like him, for example, and responsible for all the carpets in the Zone, they would know what real work was. I say that it must be very difficult under present conditions to see that everyone gets all the carpets that he wants, but he says that thank God it is not quite as bad as that, his job being merely to see that no one gets any carpets at all, and even that is difficult enough, as they keep on cropping up in odd places.

The red-faced major says that, getting back to the language problem, we miss a lot by not speaking German, which he picked up while a prisoner during the last war and now speaks practically like a native, except that a lot of the natives use verbs as well. This enables him to converse freely with the Germans and we would be surprised to know how interesting it is. For one thing, every German he has spoken to has been a pronounced anti-Nazi from the first, and if we had only known it we could have pipped over at any time and settled the whole business over a few gins. As for the July 20th plot, his researches have made it quite evident that everyone in the country was in it, except perhaps Hitler and that monkey-faced chappie.

The R.E. subaltern says that there is nothing more gratifying than the willingness of the Germans to do everything that they are told. Last month he had had a gang of released prisoners digging drainage trenches near the Zone frontier, and before he went on leave he forgot to tell them where to stop. When he came back he found that they had dug their way across the frontier and had all been re-interred by the Russians.

The red-faced major says that there is a lot of nonsense talked about the Russians. He has just taken part in a tripartite conference where everything went like a marriage bell, thus disproving the irresponsible rumours of disunion among the Allies. The Russians, he tells us, were particularly accommodating and co-operative—so much so, that at the end the senior officer of the British delegation, as host, begged the senior officer of the Russian delegation to name any little thing that he would like to have as a souvenir of their happy negotiations. It was unfortunate that we could not let him have his first choice, Hamburg railway station, to which he had taken a fancy and for which he offered to send the lorries, but when it was explained to him that we were using

Fougasse



"In 1940 I used to go to lunch somewhere about 1.30 p.m.



In 1941 I lunched at 1—



and in 1942 I had to go at 12.30.

it he was most charming and expressed himself as delighted to accept a couple of cases of Scotch instead.

The R.A.F. chap who has joined us says that, talking of Scotch, he finds the drinks problem troublesome. Before he came to Germany he tied himself down to a strict liquor budget of three pounds a week, and now it is only by confining his drinking to the most expensive messes and clubs, where gin is threepence or more, that he can keep to it without imperilling his health. Even then, he very often has to put in extra time towards the end of the week.

The Press correspondent who has just arrived in time to learn that the day's quota of British gin is exhausted and that he will have to content himself with German (unless of course he would prefer a cognac, or a Chartreuse, or a Grand Marnier, or a Twilight Sleep, or a Dragon's Tooth, or an Atom Drop, or something of that sort) says that this is an appropriate tailpiece to the hell of a day. It seems that after spending all the morning with his photographer getting more shots of British soldiers walking out without German girls so as to reassure the loved ones at home, on his return to his office he found a signal to the effect that the loved ones are getting restive at photos of British soldiers walking alone and are insisting on photos of German girls trying to get off with British soldiers and being turned down, which of course takes a lot more stage management, especially as many of the British soldiers do not seem to know the more refined highway code signals for this purpose.

The Marine captain says that the attitude of the German girl towards the British soldier is part of a carefully thought-out plot. The more he sees of Germany the more impressed he is at the thoroughness with which the

Germans foresaw and prepared for every possible contingency. He has it on the authority of a friend of his who has been going through the naval records at Kiel that it is definitely established that the Germans were preparing for this defeat even before the 1918 defeat was complete. The Frontier ribbon chap says that that is nothing: he knows for a fact that at this very moment some of the finest brains in Germany have gone underground and are already actively planning to the last detail for the next three defeats at twenty-year intervals. O.C. Carpets says that that is just why Mil. Gov. must always be one jump ahead, and in his department they are not to plan for no carpets just for this year or next year, but on a really long-term basis.

The bar is showing signs of closing and the group is beginning to break up. The two Mil. Gov. chaps are discussing a wonderful mess where, under the threat of bringing him before the Military Court, they have taught the German chef to do mutton in the English way. The Press Correspondent is explaining to the red-faced major why, in his view, it would be wrong to drug, or even handcuff, the Displaced Persons in order to persuade them to go quietly back to their own native gaols. The R.A.F. man and the Marine are planning a swanning expedition to Copenhagen. We silently swallow a final drink to all Displaced Persons, including ourselves. A. M. C.

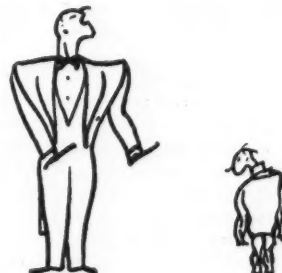
"Lebanese police were searching for an unidentified man suspected of attempting to ambush President Bechara El Khoury. The man carried a rifle.

He was discovered attempting to take cover in a slump of threes as the president's car passed."—*Liverpool paper*.

Seeking safety in numbers, was he?



In 1943 there was none left if I wasn't there by 12.15.



In 1944 I had to be in the RESTAURANT by a quarter to 12 at latest—



and nowadays I've somehow got into the habit of taking a sandwich to the office."



"I was just going to say there's plenty more behind, but I was forgetting this is the last to-night. Sorry..."

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XXI

"AS far as I can see," Amos said, "the most promising theme for a play—and I use the word 'promising' strictly as it might be applied to an investment, otherwise the adjective might be 'threatening'—is the masterful North-countryman who is somehow bested by his apparently meek wife and daughter, or daughters. One advantage of this play is that the B.B.C. broadcasts it thirty years later; as you can hear on nearly any Saturday night."

He glowered for a bit and then said, "The only trouble is that it is necessary to make all these appalling characters lovable. Lovable!" He tried over the phrases "Ee, lass—Naaay, lad" in a hoarse whisper several times and then gave a disgusted exclamation. "Or rather," he added then, cheering up a little, "all one has to do is to draw these appalling characters and the audience automatically finds them lovable. As a matter of fact," he grew gloomy again, "I find that thought even more depressing."

* * * * *

It was naturally not until there happened to be a novelist present that Amos chose to say "The only trouble about my novel is that I find it so hard to take myself with the solemnity necessary to the writer of serious fiction."

The novelist was an inoffensive-looking character and he stared at Amos uneasily over his glasses before venturing "I don't see why—"

"Even the so-called humour of the novelist," Amos boomed, taking no notice of him at all, "has to be that of an essentially complacent and humourless man. There

he is perched up in what I," he coughed, "call the empyrean, beaming down in his infinite wisdom on the scurrying mass of misguided humanity he has, forsooth, 'created.'"

The novelist objected: "It really doesn't seem to me that I—"

"Of course," Amos went on, answering this without deigning to admit that he was, "he usually fails to realize his superlative conceit. But to the sensitive reader the thought is insupportable, the thought of that pseudo-god-like figure in the background, sitting there pompously recording the behaviour of his puppets and knowing exactly what they are about to do next, and why. And to the sensitive writer it is insupportable too, the thought of being that ridiculously self-satisfied figure. I can't face it."

The novelist tried again: "Surely the average reader would never think of—"

"What," Amos interrupted, staring at him in apparent horror, "do you mean to tell me you *write* for the average reader?"

* * * * *

Once when we asked why he was looking so pleased with himself he responded immediately: "I have at last, after all these years, discovered the correct answer to that maddening admonition 'It'll have to be done some time, why not now?'"

He paused in order to be asked what the correct answer was, and then at once said complacently: "'It'll have to be done some time, why not then?'"

* * * * *

On another occasion he produced apparently on the spur of the moment (though I suspect him of having long kept it ready for use) not the perfect, but at least an adequate response to another irritating remark. A large florid man wearing a spotted bow tie, arguing about something, had several times declared in a tone of extreme complacency: "I am perfectly clear in my *own* mind..."

At last Amos wrinkled his nose into a sneer and demanded: "And is that supposed to give satisfaction to *me*?"

* * * * *

He gives so much attention to reviewers' and blurb-writers' clichés that we sometimes wonder whether he is secretly concerned in their manufacture. The most recent ones to claim his notice were the group containing the word *hailed*.

"His work has been *hailed* as an outstanding example of..." he quoted in a thin whining tone, and then "She was *hailed* as one of the best of our younger..." Do you realize," his voice dropped about an octave, on to (one might have supposed) a pile of coke, "in precisely what terms these flashing geniuses were *hailed*?" He pursed his lips and squeezed out in a piping treble the words "Indeed, it may not be too much to say that his latest work is an example, even an outstanding example, of what might almost be called—" He swallowed twice and resumed in a more normal voice "And as for the way they *hailed her*, well—" The treble came back: "Among our younger writers in this field, she could with very little exaggeration be described as one of those hardly falling short of what only the least enthusiastic would fail to call the best of—"

He broke off again and allowed an expression of disgust to take possession of his face.

"Is that the tone," he asked at length, "in which one *hails a taxi*?"

Looking round and realizing his mistake, he added hastily, "Nowadays of course it is, but you know what I mean."

R.M.



"The six pips are two minutes slow by eight bells again."

Prayer Priority

"BUT, James darling, does it really matter whether your parents or mine are mentioned first in Jennifer's prayers?"

"Well, yes, darling, I rather think it does. I mean, I do think my people are senior to yours and are therefore entitled to some sort of priority. Don't you agree?"

"I'm terribly sorry, James, but I don't."

"But, dash it all, Erica—my father was a lieutenant-colonel."

"Just a moment—a temporary lieutenant-colonel."

"All right, then, if you're going to split hairs—a temporary lieutenant-colonel. That makes him a war substantive major, so he's still one up on your father who was a temporary major and therefore only a war substantive captain. Do you see my point?"

"But your father always wore such absurd caps, James. Look at the little off-the-forehead number he's wearing in that photograph. No, I'm sorry, old boy—confer what honours you wish upon your father, smother him with red tabs if you like—he'll never be anything more than a big boyish cadet to me."

"I'm not concerned with what you think of my father. In the eyes of the War Office he is senior to yours."

"The eyes of the War Office, darling, are notoriously erratic. Tell me—did your father ever serve overseas?"

"Well—no, he didn't."

"Why don't you admit he was in the R.A.S.C. at Saffron Walden?"

"And what is wrong with the R.A.S.C., may I ask?"

"Nothing at all. A highly efficient organization, I believe. But the fact remains that while your father was weighing out the day's issue of sultanias in Saffron Walden, my father was liberating Burma more or less single-handed."

"By kind permission of Errol Flynn, I suppose?"

"Insult dad if you wish to, James, but there is still one point which you seem to have overlooked."

"Oh? And what might that be?"

"Just that my mother is senior to your father."

"Your mother?"

"Certainly. You seem to forget that mother held the rank of Group Officer in the W.A.A.F. In the unlikely event of her being in the same mess as your father she would take precedence in every way. Though she might of course have some difficulty in getting at the port before he did."

"Very well, then. I'll lay it down that in future Jennifer shall pray for her grandparents in the following order: first, your mother; second and third, my people; and lastly, your father."

"I'm sorry, James, but mother will insist on having dad with her. I suggest we revise the order as follows: first, my mother; second, my father; third, my Aunt Ada; and fourth and fifth, your parents, cantering along madly among the assorted cousins at the end."

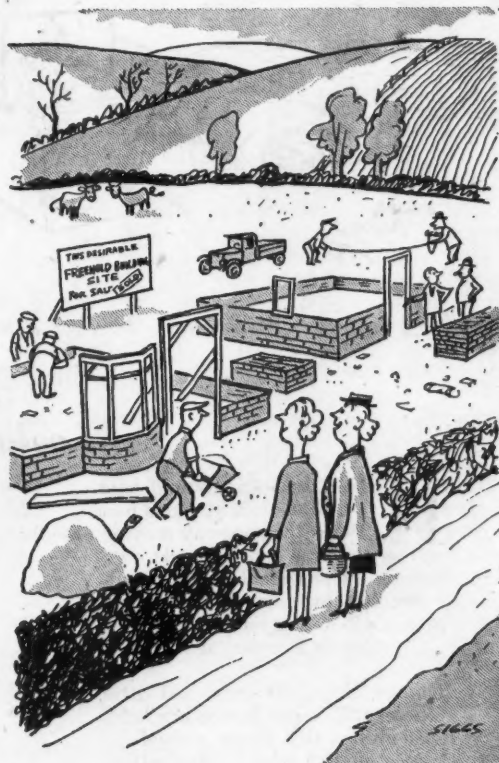
"And exactly why should your Aunt Ada suddenly rear her ugly head in the betting?"

"My dear, the work she says she did for the W.V.S. must make her the equivalent of at least a brigadier!"

For Your List of Unprintable Expressions

"The Mayor who had taken down notes of the ex-Mayor's language, told 'The Daily Gazette' that the following were the epithets which Lala Shambhunath hurled at the chair:—Scoundrel, rascal, haramzada and certain other unprintable expressions."

Indian paper.



"When there's nothin' but 'ouses 'ere, won't it be lovely to say we remember when there was nothin' but bloomin' fields 'ere?"



"My dear—I've got a maid now. I only do the rough."

Looking Ahead

HAILED rejoicingly and loudly,
Borne aloft by pious hands,
Down the gangway moving proudly
Now the first banana lands.
Crowds by provident arrangement
Brought by many a special train
Bellow after long estrangement
Greeting as it comes again.

Tidings, these, for great and little.
Soon will many a teeming hold
Cast abroad this sunny victual
At a modest price (controlled).
Tower and cot will all make merry,
Peer and hind be tucking in
Calory, effective, very;
Fortifying vitamin.

Only, while this wide approval
Thrills the welkin, one there'll be
Calm in dignified removal
From his fellows, which is me;
Not from thoughts of growing fatter,
Were I fifty round the chest
And below, it wouldn't matter,
But bananas I detest.

Frankly let the truth be stated
And, my friends, whose eager jaws
Munch that highly overrated
Diet, e'er you mock me, pause.
Scorn me not in careless hurry,
Pondering as you fight the queue
That, with me outside the worry,
There'll be all the more for you. DUM-DUM.



NO FAVOUR

"Thank you, but I'd rather we all clubbed together and took a taxi."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, November 5th.—House of Commons: Speed is the Order.

Tuesday, November 6th.—House of Lords: Flight is Discussed.

House of Commons: Members are Promised Something.

Wednesday, November 7th.—House of Commons: Talk of Other Things to Come.

Thursday, November 8th.—House of Commons: Mr. Churchill Investigates.

Monday, November 5th.—Only a firm impression that some modern Guy Fawkes might at any moment be more successful than his predecessor of some three hundred and forty years ago in making the House "rise" could have accounted for the skilful speed with which Mr. Speaker steered the business through this afternoon. There were one hundred and twenty-seven questions on the Order Paper, and Members who strolled casually in half an hour after the sitting began, expecting to ask Question 20 or so, found that the moving finger had written and moved on. Having no piety or wit to spare, they did not try to lure the Chair to cancel half a question.

Colonel CLIFTON BROWN had mentioned that the House had the choice between asking a lot of supplementary questions and asking more of the questions of which notice had been given. The House clearly preferred the second choice, and so what became known as the November Handicap began. Stepping gaily on the accelerator—to mix the metaphor a trifle—Mr. Speaker whirled the House to Question 25 in one breathless, exciting rush.

In full cry, the House passed Question 40. On, on to Question 45. By long tradition Question 45 is addressed to the Prime Minister—but Mr. ATTLEE was nowhere to be seen. While Members excitedly discussed The Strange Case of the Missing Premier, and Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, Chief Whip and A/Sherlock Holmes, hurried off to make a few investigations Mr. Speaker hurtled on.

A dozen more questions had been asked, and Ministers were sitting mopping their damp brows, when Mr. ATTLEE, hotly pursued by Mr. WHITELEY, galloped in, rattled off his delayed-action replies, engaged in a sort of breathless fandango with other Ministers who were trying to get to the table in the nick of time to answer their own questions, and flashed out again. Mr. Attorney-General had not appeared

when his questions were reached, but there was no pause. Panting, the House cheered as Question 127, the finishing-post, was reached.

There were some queries about the high-handed action of London's bus-conductors and conductresses in refusing to allow people to stand on buses, and Mr. ALFRED BARNES, the Minister of Transport, replied that the whole thing was unauthorized.

This assurance did not thrill Members to any noticeable extent, but, before they had time to take a breath and say so, they had missed the Parliamentary bus and were in the



AJAX IGNORES THE LIGHTNING.

"Thunder has played over my head during the debate—but I am not sure that it was not stage thunder."

The Minister of Civil Aviation.

strange land of building by-laws, for the House had passed on to talk about a Bill on that abstruse subject. Eleven minutes sufficed for Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, to move the Second Reading of the Bill, and Mr. HENRY WILLINK (ever a model of concise clarity) made the chief Opposition speech in sixteen. In fifty-seven minutes the Bill was completed, and the Home Secretary, Mr. CHUTER EDE, was in action with a Civil Defence Bill.

He mentioned that it was as well to keep our old and esteemed friend, ARP, alive, since the danger of air attack had not gone for ever; and Mr. OSBERT PEAKE, for the Opposition, spoke for three minutes. Thirty-three minutes saw the end of that Bill, and

the House whizzed on to the adjournment, when people complained, at breakneck speed, of the fact that the Government still had under requisition some 138,000,000 square feet of factory space.

This discussion was got through at jet-propelled pace, and then the House slowed down for as effective and sincere a debate as any held in the House for a long time. It was on that heart-searing subject, the fate of Europe's millions of "Displaced Persons," and Mr. DICK STOKES (who has raised the subject before) opened.

This was the House of Commons at its best (which is saying a great deal) for Party ties were ignored and political friend and foe joined hands in defence of common humanity and human pity. Particularly moving, because it was so completely factual, was a speech by Colonel OLIVER POOLE, the Conservative Member for Oswestry, who until recently was an Army officer in Berlin and saw the problem from both the human and the statistical points of view.

If possible, even more moving was a speech from Colonel REES-WILLIAMS, who also was in Berlin until recently, and who told the hushed House that the soldiers there could not shut their eyes to the human tragedy of young children and old women tottering, ill and starving, about stricken Germany, aimlessly going nowhere, yet everywhere. The men of our Forces, who had seen all, endured all, had no hatred in their hearts for these pathetic orphans of the storm. "It is all very well," cried the gallant Colonel, "for people in this country to harden their hearts. The soldier out there cannot harden his heart. He is in the middle of it, and, as one who was only a fortnight ago a soldier, I say this position must be ended!"

Mr. HECTOR MCNEIL, for the Foreign Office, was soothingly non-committal—but Mr. STOKES will not abandon the fight for humanity.

Tuesday, November 6th.—Question-time to-day opened with another reference to Displaced Persons, and Mr. STOKES was so carried away that he commented hotly that other Members "did not care a damn for slaves." Mr. Speaker reproved him, and he instantly apologized, explaining that he had been "provoked."

Possibly as a sort of bonus for yesterday's high-speed work, Mr. HUGH DALTON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, mentioned that he plans to set up a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of free secretaries and other help for M.P.s, and added that any M.P. who wrote to a Government



"Something to do with precedence, I imagine."

Department could write "O.H.M.S." on the envelope and save a stamp. All M.P.s were also to be allowed to travel free by railway or air between their homes and constituencies, as well as between their constituencies and Westminster.

Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER (leader of the Parliamentary Communist Party—the rank-and-file sits for Mile End) asked, in his rich Scottish accent, whether this concession covered bus fares, and seemed depressed when the answer was crisply in the negative.

The House went on to talk—quite roughly at times—about the Government's powers to make Orders having the force of law. Their Lordships were, for once, also being rough with each other, the subject being that highly inflammable one, civil aviation.

Lord ROTHERMERE got distinctly tough over the Government's proposal to nationalize the entire civil aviation service, and Lord WINSTER, the Minister of Civil Aviation, not turning one of his glossy black hairs, retorted that Lord R. was a raven, croaking "Woe, woe!" in accents of reaction. He did not divulge just how so limited a vocabulary could betray a particular

accent—but their Lordships knew what he meant. Anyway, the debate eventually crashed, and Chief Pilot WINSTER walked nonchalantly off the stricken (air)field.

Wednesday, November 7th.—There was a strange puzzling atmosphere in the Commons when a debate on foreign affairs was opened. Mr. CHURCHILL made the first speech, advocating a strong international organization for the control of armaments, the atomic bomb in particular. He also praised, in glowing words, Generalissimo STALIN, head of the Soviet Government.

This praise, strangely, drew no response from the Labour M.P.s crowded on the benches behind Ministers. It is said that they had been warned against "barracking" Mr. CHURCHILL, and were taking their orders too literally. But soon afterwards Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, intervened in the debate and made some forthright—and downright—criticisms of our Russian ally.

He declared roundly that Britain was suspicious of some of Russia's moves, and added that she had every right to be. The silence on the

Labour benches could almost be felt. Faces grew longer and longer.

But "honourable Members opposite" on the Conservative benches showed their approval of Mr. BEVIN's courage in no uncertain way—Mr. CHURCHILL (to judge by his impatient gestures and facial expression) dissenting from the majority view of his Party.

A strange, rather uneasy, debate, producing no particular results.

Thursday, November 8th.—Mr. CHURCHILL asked pointedly whether the Prime Minister would care to deny reports that the voluntary hospitals are themselves to be latest casualties to be admitted to the Nationalization Hospital. Mr. ATTLEE admitted there were rumours, but said they were not his fault.

Mr. CHURCHILL promptly pointed out that the springs of private charity might dry up before the tides of public benevolence began to flow, and the hospitals might find themselves, financially speaking, high and dry.

But Mr. ATTLEE remained non-committal, and the matter stands over for further investigation when Detective-Inspector CHURCHILL has made a few more private inquiries.



"I don't understand you, Shirley, you blow h. and c. with the same breath."

Topsy Turvy

V

WELL Trix old evergreen we were too right about your not coming, because my dear these builders, I'm a mere maze of frustration and trouble, my dear I sometimes think I'm heading for the new peace-neurosis which is congesting half the nursing-homes, it's not too certain we shall get far with this epistle now, no there's another bell, oh what is it now.

That my dear was that melting man with the dog-like eyes from the Town Hall Mr. Fisk, and it seems the plumber's mate has merely declined duty and gone to the dogs or pictures, my dear what a job Mr. Fisk I mean, because he's the poor martyr in charge of bomb-repairs and my dear sooner than that I'd volunteer to sit in the House of Commons all day and listen to all the speeches, and if you recall

how well-developed my powers of speech-resistance are that will show you perhaps, well I dare say all this will sound to you like the whistling of bats because of course you've no conception of peace-conditions up there in the pampered North, but the basic horror is that one's own builder is too illicit, I mean you remember my boracic Mr. Mason, I'm sure you do because my dear the day you got locked in the lav he came and redeployed you, well for centuries when there's been the least home-trouble, my dear from porous walls to stubborn obstacles in the sink, one merely hoisted the Mason signal and there he rapidly was, of course there'd be estimates and all that ritual, but things did utterly happen, my dear there is not one square centimetre of this humble ruin that Mr. Mason has

not patched up or painted or played with at one time or another, my dear it's like Stonehenge to him, the merest hint of wet-rot keeps him awake, my dear he erected our sandbag-shelter in 1938 which by the way collapsed theatrically the very day the war took place in 1939, however, sorry darling, another blistering bell.

That of course was the piano-tuner who my dear has an enviable genius for arriving quite unheralded on the wrongest day, my new still-life chrysanthemums group majestically arranged have to be banished from the instrument and plasterers in the room, however there's a dim hope he may drive the builders into a frenzy about which I should be quite neutral, because as I was telling you Mr. Mason's men were all locals and too congenial, my dear

they knew *all* the gossip on *all* the neighbours, they remembered the *twins* when they were *one* inch long, there was one *celestial* old carpenter who Haddock says would have done *just* as well as the Archbishop of Canterbury and *looked* it *better*, then of course Mr. Mason himself was always *beeing* in and out to see that things were maturing, though *quite* needless because my dear the men *took an interest* and toiled like *yeomen*, one sustained them with beer and bonhomie and all proceeded fraternal and *effective*, however *now* my dear the picture is *too* otherwise because for bomb-repair Mr. Mason is *quite* out-of-bounds, my dear I was *practically* arrested for ringing him the morning after our *rocket*, which *by* the way descended *punctually* in the early morning after our *wedlock* anniversary party, my dear Haddock lay in a *classic* stupor and simply *never* heard the thing at *all*, which *when* I tell you that it was the *loudest* missile *just* across the river not *three* hundred yards from the home was not perhaps a startlingly good *show* as from time to time he *half*-acknowledges, as for me I woke up to find the trembling frame *encrusted* in plaster from the ceiling and glass in *all* our quarters for the *fourth* time, well in the dank dawn we waded through glass to the long-talker and got the faithful Mr. Mason round, well *he* got a *licence* or thought he did to stave off the elements with cardboard and such my dear for *years* one lived in *electric* light and *looked* like one of those synthetic *mushrooms* in a cellar, and then of course they couldn't trace *who* had said *Proceed*, and for quite a time there was almost *national* unpleasantness because as I know now *painfully* the done thing is to wait till they send you someone from the *Pool*, and the *Pool* my dear at the *present* time seems to be a gang of *non-local non-labourers*, *mainly* imports from the *swamps* of Ireland, who my dear could not care less if this Borough had *never* existed and remained in ruins *now*, they're *too* uninterested in *us*, they're *not* paid by the builders, they're *not* his men, and think he's getting *rich* on them, because of cost plus or something, they merely *milk* and mock at the Council, and *we* don't pay anyone so can't utter a *word*, except of course to my *poor* Mr. Fisk who is quite beside himself with care and thwartment, *beaver*ing wistfully to get all this *pond-labour* to *labour* from time to time, and of course as Haddock says as an advertisement of State what-is-it it is *not* spectacular, because my dear *when* you think that the *last* relevant missile descended more than *ten*

months ago and the *roof's* still quite undone, not to mention a *precarious* chimney which is *too* likely to *dive* into the top bedroom if it blows at *all* Haddock says, of course I *know* they had to do the *top* things first and of course *labour* and *wood* and everything is *too* insufficient, *all* one wonders is that *anything* gets done under the *pond* system, well my dear for *twelve* days they've been at work on our *blasted* conservatory, well when I say at work, my dear at 8.30 two soporific Irish types arrive and have a *prolonged* smoke, at 9 or later two more come *sometimes* and one morning they all toiled *madly* till 11.30, at *which* point there was a *general* exodus, returning my dear at a quarter-to-two, two of them, so my dear you can see the Civil Service luncheon hour is spreading *vertically*, however *more* often what happens is that only *two* toilers appear at all the carpenter and the plumber's *mate*, or sometimes the plumber and the *carpenter's* mate, which my dear means *utter* inanition because it seems the carpenter can't *move* without his *mate* and the plumber's *mate* is *too* powerless without his *plumber*, the point about the *plumber* darling is that the *bath-room* waste *emerges* down a pipe on top of the conservatory *which* being now removed *no* bath is feasible without a *cascade* of soapy water into the *conservatory*, *too* alarming, well of course in the *normal* outfit the carpenter would merely *ring* Mr. Mason and say Oy we're stagnant, but my dear in *these* proceedings far from it, they're *too* content to sit about the garden enjoying the view and smoking *endlessly*, my dear I can not guess where they obtain such *multitudinous* cigarettes, and the next day probably it's a *different* two but they're waiting for *material*, which for all we know may be *too* true, however from time to time if one ventures to take an interest, and Haddock says it's not *too* safe, one rings up the Town Hall and tells poor Mr. Fisk one's got two *stagnant* toilers in the garden, but by *that* time of course they've quietly *vanished*, to the local one presumes, well in the afternoon perhaps a *foreman* visits the scene and then if any toiler has returned there's the *most* corrosive wrangle about their *rights* and everything, because it seems on this work they get only *union* rates while similar toilers are getting *bonuses*, which is rankling as one must admit, and by the end of that it's time to put the old tarpaulin over and *withdraw* exhausted, my dear this morning Saturday three toilers attended and sawed and hammered for *quite* half an

hour, but my dear they've dispersed *already*, at 11 sharp *away* the toilers went not to return praises be, perhaps it was the piano-tuner, well *after* all this to the *lay* eye the conservatory looks *too* like what it looked like last *Monday*, after the first assault, the *one* difference is that the garden is a *sea* of *chips* and corrugated iron and one of the Irish citizens *inflamed* about his rights fell into Haddock's little pond *quite* wrecking the *last* water-lily of the season, *too* cruel, the *one* gleam is that when you get two *English* locals alone they seem to toil in the ancient fashion, my dear the *painters* are *utter* pets, so perhaps there is *one* ray of hope, and my dear I'm *not* suggesting that our landlord's conservatory is a *top* priority in the Reconstruction and the Worthier World, *all* I say is *if* it's to be done well *do* it because as Haddock says *if* this is a small categorical example it's *too* lowering to think of all the public money that must be ambling down the drain, not to mention the Irish, and *how* they hope to build a *single* house at this rate, and my dear when I think of all that *fallacious* drip about the *profit* motive and how the toiler toils with a *whistle* in his heart when he knows he's toiling for the *community* and not for a *shark-souled* employer like my beloved Mr. Mason, well *then* my dear I feel sometimes like hiring one of those *odious* loud-speaker vans and going for a ride round London saying the *rudest* things, O dear, farewell you far from unfrustrated Topsy.

A. P. H.

Arthur at Bridge

ARTHUR is a tyrant. He plays bridge and sees to it that others do so as well.

Bridge is a game for the perverse, and its rules were devised by perverse people. One example of this perversity is the fact that four people sit down to play but one always gets up and goes away for a drink, so that only three really play.

In any gathering of more than three one will be a bridge fiend. This is either in the Constitution or is a law of nature. Nobody else will really want to play, although almost certainly two will be weak-willed. Arthur dominates the weak-willed, who drift hypnotically to the table he sets up bang in front of the mess fire straight after dinner. Fairly stubborn resistance will be offered by all others to suggestions of bridge. Arthur has various approaches to break this



"Now, when we break through the door of the 'Vampire's Nest,' you, Sergeant Smithers, will proceed to the dance floor and take the names and addresses of the guests, while Constable Hawkins goes straight to the kitchen and interrogates all the female staff as to the possibilities of their entering private service."

down. The Old Boy touch is one. The Old Boy net is not a mode of communication between minds harmoniously tuned but a net cast with devilish ingenuity to enmesh its victim. The Social Conscience approach is another—a sure winner this. The spectacle of three evenings ruined by the selfishness of one person in refusing to play is dangled before the victim. Unless he has a heart of stone he succumbs.

The victims being seated, Arthur seems calm and normal. But his moods are many, and nothing is so likely as bridge to call them forth. While the cards are being dealt he registers confident anticipation; during the examination of the hand he is coolly appraising; but in play (though anything less like play is hard to imagine) he varies from the impersonal detachment of a deity to whom present

events occasion no surprise because he ordained them, to very personal paroxysmic rage. Neither friend (if in this any be friend) nor foe is spared the shouting and the tumult. These red-faced, black-browed denunciations, however, are perhaps preferable to the incisive exposure of folly—"I bid two diamonds. Then I returned spades after drawing George's queen. So clubs was your play. Clubs every time. Why didn't you come back in clubs?"

Arthur does not necessarily leave his comment to the end; he gives blame and occasionally praise as they fall due. When it is his turn to get up and have a drink he either calls the waiter or forgoes his drink so that he may range at will, peering over shoulders, tutting at stupidity. He rejoins the game more filled than ever with the zest to hammer people to his way of thinking.

At cards everything about him is meaningful, particularly movement. Some of his cards come walloping down in a movement that begins right above his head; some are flicked with the slick skill we used, years ago, to admire when boys played with cigarette cards; some jump almost cheekily from nowhere. So it is that a king thumps into battle and fairly rocks the green baize plain where he comes to conquer; so a sly jack will snake in and come back with three captives; so a six, just cannon fodder, saunters out like a cheerful Cockney. And having played his cards, Arthur leans back a second then leans forwards to see what his partner, that dolt, has done.

Yes, Arthur is to be dodged. . . .

There, my chessmen are all laid out now. It's pleasantly warm in here. I'm sure old Smithson would like a game. I wonder why he's going towards the door? Smithson! Smithson! . . . Unsociable devil, he's gone. Never mind, there's Jacobs. HE'd like to play. Jacobs! Jacobs!

This Week's Understatement

"NO TIME TO WASTE
PRIMATE ON ATOM BOMB"

Headings in Yorks. paper.

"M. Leon Blum . . . told a Press conference in London to-day that while a prisoner in Germany, he listened-in to the B.B.C.

"I can't express to you my feelings as each day I heard come across the air "I.C.I. Londres," but it was like listening to the opening of a Beethoven symphony."

Leicester paper.

Commercial programme?

At the Play

GRAND GUIGNOL: FIFTH PROGRAMME (GRANVILLE)

At the end of this programme of five plays the scoreboard read as follows:

(1) Horror and pity—one blinding—vitriol.

(2) Thriller (underworld)—two murders—knives.

(3) Problem drama—one murder—revolver.

(4) Straight thriller—two murders—sporting-gun and flight of stone steps.

(5) Satire-cum-slaughter—two murders—revolver and balcony.

If you forget Shakespeare and the Greeks, who gave quite exceptional value for money, this seems fair enough. I should add that although at the moment of the curtain some of the characters are still technically not out, their chances of surviving the next over could only be described as thin. The Granville is obviously doing valuable work as a public safety-valve. The man who is seriously considering hitting his wife over the head with a bottle is less likely to do so after seeing the job satisfactorily done on the stage. We must remember that the belief that murder is a bad thing is after all very new in the evolution of man, and guignol is undoubtedly a comfort to those of us who are doing our best to abide by it. One might have thought that perhaps six years of indiscriminate war would

have sated the public a little in this respect, but not a bit of it; a nice murder is still ever such a nice murder, and it is a safe bet that as soon as paper supplies return to normal the Sunday press will invigorate the multitude with as many columns of delicious violence as it used to do. Grand guignol is really an enjoyable form of shock-therapy. It ploughs up the nerves and harrows the feelings without making severe demands on either sympathy or intellect. Also its effects as a medicine wear off much more quickly than those of tragedy and are less fatiguing to the patient. But whatever kind of rough stuff the

author of guignol may choose—and clearly the more he can vary his attack the better—his basic task is to scarify, and in this I do not think Mr. FREDERICK WITNEY, who has written all five of these plays, is always successful.

His opening piece, *The Last Kiss*, shows a musician who has been blinded by his jealous mistress taking a similar revenge on her when she comes out of prison. The man is rotting from pain and melancholy in squalid lodgings and the woman has

upstairs to get the money for it, and on discovering him afterwards to be the public executioner employs a knife with surgical abandon. This play is more dramatic than the first, though rather drawn out and unnecessarily crude in parts. Miss MARY HORN and Mr. MARTIN WALKER take the honours, the latter looking a twin brother to the big detective in *Sous Les Toits*, the song from which, purest essence of the Paris back-streets, makes a telling background.

The Celibate is the piece about an inhibited curate shot dead by his invalid wife, over which the Lord Chamberlain had qualms until, after a special performance, permission was granted for it to be played only at the Granville, in the present manner. For the sake of appearances she might have postponed the execution until the poor little man had been taken to a psychiatrist, but guignol is guignol and bullets must fly, even if they plunge serious discussion into farce. Mr. JOHN ALLEN's sketch of neurotic desperation is good, and so is Mr. JAMES RAGLAN's hearty, conventional Vicar; Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON is resolute behind the trigger.

She has more advanced shooting practice in *Week-end Cottage*, the most efficient blood-curdler of the lot. As a Civil Servant waiting in an isolated cottage for somebody else's husband—loose minutes are a dangerous habit—she is visited by two unprepossessing bandits who make themselves at home in every possible way. When the lover also

arrives, gory from the ditch where the bandits had thrown him, artillery is brought up and things get very rugged. Miss FORBES-ROBERTSON's Assistant Principal at bay is admirable, and the humour blended with the thrills is safe with Mr. WALKER and Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE.

Zenobia, the last item on the list, is an amusing satire on the way in which the private relations of a not very successful actress can be turned to public relations account. Miss BESSIE LOVE has a beautiful mortuary curtain all to herself, and Mr. WALKER some crisp lines of which he makes the most. ERIC.



WELL—THAT'S THAT!

Nobby	Mr. MARTIN WALKER
Arthur	Mr. JOHN ALLEN
Laura	MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON
Butch	Mr. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE

lost pity; the tension should have been terrific, but somehow it wasn't. Mr. MARTIN WALKER, who was consistently good all evening, stirred us, but the piece was played too slowly, so that you could almost hear a fuse fizzling; and Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, though her frozen horror was previously the right note, didn't give us full measure of the sound effects demanded by a good, honest vitriol curtain.

Say It With Flowers shifts the scene to a Paris bistro, where a prostitute, escaped from hospital in order to lay a posy on the grave of her guillotined lover, leads a sinister gentleman



"Why, this is TO-DAY'S!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks).

Inside Italy

WHEN MR. CAMILLE CIANFARRA returned to the United States in June 1942, after spending seven years in Rome as correspondent for the *New York Times*, he found everyone asking "Is the Vatican for us or against us?" The general opinion there seemed to be that Pope Pius XII was sitting on the fence. This book—*The War and the Vatican* (BURNS OATES, 10/6)—describes fully how both Pius XI and Pius XII fought as best they could against Nazism and Fascism. Assuredly Pius XI was against Hitler and all his works. When the Fuehrer in May of that year was to pay a return visit to the Duce he refused to stay in the same city as the arch foe of the Church. So, too, he fought with amazing energy against the anti-Semitic movement which Mussolini started in faithful imitation of his leader. He even likened Hitler to Julian the Apostate. It is true that his successor, Pius XII, did attempt a compromise. He held a conference with the four German cardinals on the situation of the church in Germany, but nothing came of it. He had barely assumed the triple tiara before Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia. Then Italy attacked Albania. In his Easter sermon Pius asked how peace could be maintained if

solemn pacts were broken at will. Next Poland was threatened. War was apparently inevitable. He appealed again for peace: on August 31st he made one last effort, suggesting a fifteen days' truce. But the German war machine had already started. L. W.

A Good Loser

It is almost impossible to keep your forbears' land, farm it productively and leave it—better than you found it—to your children. *Inheritance of Dreams* (FABER, 10/6) tells with discernment and gallantry how Mr. JOHN DRUMMOND tackled this uphill task. He inherited, in 1918 or so, an encumbered estate in the Carse of Gowrie. Prudence and his lawyer said "clear out." Mr. DRUMMOND decided to stay. Twenty years of disinterested dedication to a far-sighted design of his own have worked wonders with the land, and this design is the staple of an exhilarating book. But the writer's policy of putting back what he takes out appeals neither to the tax-collector nor the "expert." He lives the typical life of the individual in a totalitarian state, "a hunted animal." "Every time I see a car draw up at a field and a number of elderly gentlemen get out, with gumboots over their trousers, maps, and walking-sticks, I get a sinking feeling round the heart, for I know I am up against the almost impossible." H. P. E.

Saintsbury

Many hands have been at work to produce the memorial volume entitled simply *George Saintsbury* (METHUEN, 12/6). It is difficult to realize that this year (1945) should have seen the hundredth anniversary of his birth—on the 23rd of October. As a boy he came up to London from Southampton in 1850, in time to see the funeral of the Duke of Wellington and the launch of the *Great Eastern*, and for many years he lived in or about Kensington. Strangely enough, devoted admirer as he was of Thackeray, he appears never to have seen the novelist, though Thackeray lived on till 1863. At London he was educated at King's College School, under Dr. Major, where he gained a school prize for a poem on "Sicily" and recited it before no less a man than Mr. Gladstone, who "beamed and boomed that he was afraid he couldn't at all agree with the sentiments" therein expressed, which indeed contained some praise of Baeuchus and abuse of Garibaldi. After that he failed to get a Christ Church scholarship, but succeeded a year later at Merton, in the Common Room of which college now hangs his portrait by Mr. Nicholson. At Oxford he made many friends, among them Creighton, but somehow failed to secure a First in Greats or a Fellowship. He plunged almost immediately into work as a schoolmaster and journalist, reviewing for the *Academy*, writing essays for the *Fortnightly*, and working for a host of other papers and magazines, including the *Saturday Review*. Then, at fifty, he went to Edinburgh to succeed Masson as Professor of Rhetoric and English literature. Twenty years of that and he retired to Bath, where "in the stately Circus," as Mr. BLYTH WEBSTER puts it in his excellent biographical memoir, he enjoyed a veritable Indian summer, reading and writing to the end with almost undiminished energy. He had something in him of Johnsonian prejudice and—perhaps—his irascibility, but with a courtlier touch than the great doctor ever possessed. He wrote much—but with what immense gusto! The essays collected in this volume contain studies of Dryden, Herrick, Disraeli, Robert Browning, a host of shorter sketches and notes on eminent writers, and two fascinating articles on "Journalism Fifty Years Ago," and "Oxford Sights and Scenes." L. W.

Frail Were the Works.

The post of governess to the sixty-seven children of the King of Siam—with a sprinkling of his nine thousand wives and concubines thrown in—was, even in 1862 when time-tables were less exacting, no sinecure. Siam then was almost as closed to British inquiry as Russia is now. Anna Leonowens, however, was a young Welsh widow, courageous and well-educated, with a small boy and girl of her own to fend for. She not only accepted King Mongkut's not over-handsome salary but stuck out her precarious situation in Bangkok for five years. Her story, imaginatively reconstructed from her own books and contemporary records by Mrs. MARGARET LONDON, is the theme of *Anna and the King of Siam* (HARRAP, 12/6); and though the Siamese life it presents is almost wholly revolting, its heroine's womanly intervention is from first to last beneficent. A Christian definitely forbidden to Christianize her pupils, Anna so thoroughly imbued them with Christian morality that her Crown Prince became Siam's first reforming king; and her princesses (one of whom took the name of "Harriet Beecher Stowe"!) emancipated their slaves. The game—hopeless as it seemed at the time—was worth the candle.

H. P. E.

Gogol

These *Tales from Gogol* (SYLVAN PRESS, 10/6), sensitively translated by Miss ROZA PORTNOVA, and introduced by Professor JANKO LAVRIN in an excellent sketch of Gogol's life and work, should interest and charm many readers, but will probably not in any marked degree clarify the extremely mixed impression of the Russian character now existing in the English mind. A romantic disgusted by real life, but with a rich sense of comedy which prevented him from retreating too far into his dreams, Gogol strikes an English reader as a mixture of Sterne and Dickens and Hans Andersen, with a foundation of the simple unforced truth to human nature which, if not peculiar to Russia, is certainly more often found among her novelists than in the literature of Western Europe. Examples of this quality are scattered throughout these tales. One need instance only the stepmother in "Sorochinsky Fair," and the ludicrous but painfully lifelike details of the rupture between the two Ivans in "How the Two Ivans Quarrelled." There is no cynicism in Gogol, as in the disappointed romantics who were his contemporaries in Germany, France and England, only a deepening melancholy after the passing of youth, "that happy time when a Russian lives without caring a damn about anything." His own development foreshadowed his country's, and his last years were devoted to propaganda, not to poetry.

H. K.

Critics on Show

Human judgment is not, thank heaven, a scientific process, and dramatic critics nod accordingly. It is as unfair to rake up their past indiscretions as it is to quote against a politician what he said twenty years before about colonial development or clean milk. But some assessments have passed into social history, and it is healthy that critics should be reminded of them: one of these is Clement Scott's verdict on *Ghosts* in 1891, when he described it as "a dull, undramatic, verbose, tedious and utterly uninteresting play." Mr. A. C. WARD's intention in compiling *Specimens of English Dramatic Criticism XVII-XX Centuries* (OXFORD, 3/-) is in no sense uncharitable, however; beginning with Pepys, the first real critic and one infinitely ahead of his period in his intense curiosity about the theatre, the selections in this grand little book—a World's

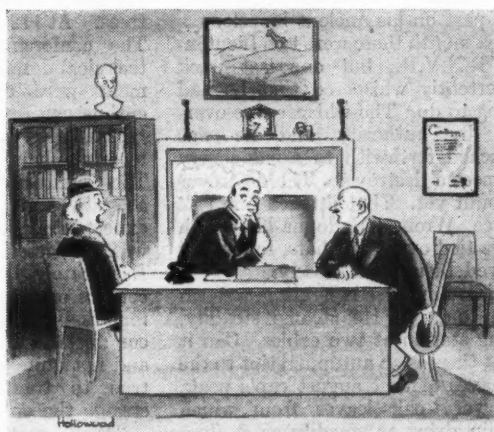
Classic which will go into the waistcoat pocket of a country suit—show how criticism has changed with time. One cannot pretend it has improved since Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Hazlitt, but probably the mean is better, for the leisurely essay of the eighteenth century was a frightful trap for dullards. The modern compressed style of criticism has been evolved to meet the taste of an ever-widening circle of busier and lazier readers; only eighty years ago *The Times* thought nothing of devoting nearly two thousand five hundred words to a new comedy! From admirable dissections of Garrick and Siddons and Kean to such little gems as Max Beerbohm's article on Dan Leno and James Agate's lament on the death of Marie Lloyd there is a rich harvest here for those who love the theatre, and in addition an index which is also a potted Dictionary of Stage Biography.

E. O. D. K.

The Diggers

Because it deals with the future, the last chapter of *Pacific Partner* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is the most important in the book. In it the author, Mr. GEORGE H. JOHNSTONE, a war correspondent, sets many problems, insisting that Australia must have several million more people and be less tied by tradition to questions of Empire preference. Yet, judging by the pictures he gives us of the fighting men in the early chapters describing campaigns, the Australians are soaked in tradition. They may be tough and anything but mealy-mouthed, but they are not very keen on change. It seems doubtful whether such men as the one who called out into Libya, as the ship began to move out of harbour towards comfort: "Good-bye, Tobruk. You weren't such a bloody bad 'ole after all," are likely to change their tunes as slickly as the author suggests they should. The book is packed with anecdotes and recorded incidents. One of the best tells of a wounded Australian who asked to be given two plates of teeth in hospital because, as usual, he had wrapped his in his handkerchief and hidden them in a safe place before going into action. The doctor offered to send a runner to the "safe place" and the Australian considered the matter before replying, "No, doc. Mightn't be a good idea. I stuck 'em in the bushes about twenty yards away from a Nip machine-gun nest that we attacked with bayonet an' grenades. Only trouble was we didn't take the post."

B. E. B.



"Then, one day, she listened to one of those 'To Start You Talking' programmes, doctor."

Diary of an Undemobbed

II

October 26th

THE FORENOON WATCH

Two Bells (0900). Rural Hampshire has become markedly subaqueous. The ditches are loud with the rushing of waters. Beneath the elms the air is saturated with wetness, in misty suspension or dropping in large lachrymose splashes. The great gale which recently imperilled certain of His Majesty's ships in the Downs and cast an extraordinary assortment of black and lethal objects on to the beaches of Britain's coasts has also, in the enchanted precincts of "The Cottage," raged frenetically around the igloos of His Majesty's Navy ashore.

In the cottage and the cottage garden there is an air of ripeness and disintegration. The Red Admirals have fled from the Michaelmas daisies. A Rear-Admiral has fled from his desk. The flowers of the herbaceous border are bent and broken. The trim gravel of the walks is overlaid with sodden leaves. It is as though the Path of Duty is no longer clear.

The flotilla which this morning steams along the lanes is somewhat changed from that of a month ago. Old silhouettes are missing, and the erstwhile spirit of simple Arcadian frolic has departed. The Gunner (Temp. Act.) ploughs manfully ahead in vast, shiny, black waders. His thoughts, which a month past dwelt affectionately on nature's proliferation of mushrooms and blackberries, now revolve lovingly around the igloo stove. The bell-bottoms are disguised in billowing oilskins. A lonely Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., hisses past on his ancient bicycle.

(Last month there were two Lieutenants, R.N.V.R., but one last week inadvertently whispered that he had nothing to do. The whisper was overheard by authority and he was dispatched forthwith to Londonderry to inspect a destroyer. The destroyer isn't built yet. That'll teach him.)

Three Wrens, Madonna-like with scarves tied over their hats, follow the bereaved Lieutenant closely.

The Commander is fighting a stern-ation to-day. He steams steadily, keeping station at two cables. Can it be that there is an autumnal tint to the oak leaves of that august cap's peak, those very oak leaves from which the rain drips as steadily as it does from the less distinguished visors of the rest of this intrepid band? Forward, through low visibility, forges

the Commander, waterproof close-buttoned, pipe turned down, a veritable poster-picture of the Silent Service.

Except that the Silent Service is not silent to-day. On all sides there is a squelching, a hissing, a dripping, a pattering, a welter of woefully watery sounds.

Three Bells (0930). Betimes there comes an order from the First Officer, W.R.N.S.:

"UNIFORM

It has been observed that several W.R.N.S. ratings have been keeping their hats on with a scarf. THIS IS TO CEASE. Chin stays are provided for rough weather and MUST BE USED."

0945. The Commander has just observed that our Wren is "looking very enigmatic this forenoon."

Stand Easy (1020). Scottie has made some cocoa. Our cocoa used to be made by Pinkie who was our W.R.N.S. driver, but Pinkie has been sent away to take a course to learn how to drive so that she may come back to us as a shorthand-typist.

Eight Bells (1200). An important conference has just ended. It was called by the Commander and started promptly at 1100. All the cream of the cottage's intellect was present, all the specialist officers and back-room boys.

The rain clouds dispersed as the conference started, and at 1115 the sun shone brilliantly through. The Commander opened the meeting and then the window and gazed out at the tinted foliage of the encompassing trees. At 1120 the Commander dozed. The conference continued. Highly technical details of Most Secret equipment were discussed with waxing enthusiasm.

Finally the Commander was appealed to triumphantly for his endorsement. The Commander opened his eyes with a start and looked round at the expectant eager faces. It seemed he was expected to say something. Desperately he sought in the dusty corners of his mind for an innocuous remark—something safe, entirely non-committal. It was a surprise attack and not quite a gentlemanly one, but, true to tradition, he prepared to engage the enemy more closely.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Commander. (Clearing his throat impressively gave him a little more time.) "Well, gentlemen, I must thank you

for the remarkable clarity of your exposition of this very involved subject, but the thought which immediately springs to my mind is—is it all really necessary?"

Consternation follows. The enemy is routed. The specialist officers look at the back-room boys. The back-room boys move uneasily in their chairs. The electrical officer places a trembling hand over his eyes.

Ten minutes later Scottie records a resolution "that further research in this field can lead to no findings of practical importance to H.M. Service and should therefore be abandoned."

THE AFTERNOON WATCH

Four Bells (1400). The rain falls steadily. The Commander rises from his chair, resolutely putting aside *The Times*. The famous penetrating blue eyes stare steadfastly out at the driving curtain.

"North Atlantic weather, North Atlantic weather, by Jove. Give a lot to be back on a destroyer's bridge—command, of course. None of this damned paper. Snowed under by paper . . . snowed under . . ."

The Commander looks at his watch. The afternoon's work should commence at 1400. It is now 1405. The Commander sits down at his desk and takes up a docket.

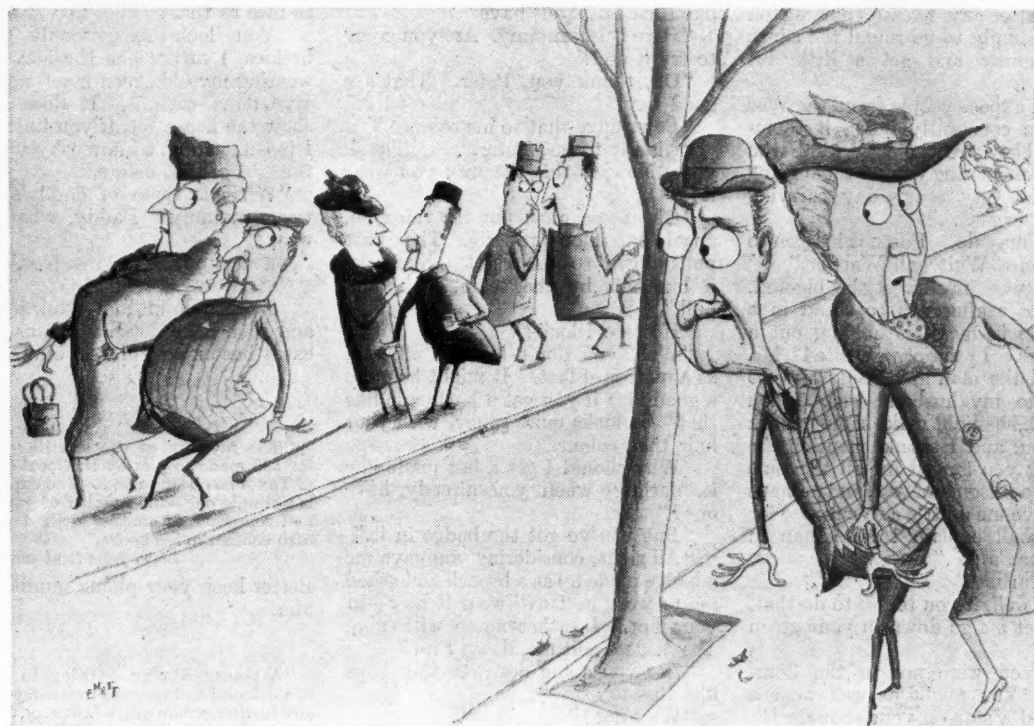
1410. The Commander puts down the docket and takes up *The Times*.

Seven Bells (1530). A slight contretemps has occurred. A Lieutenant-Commander, R.N., has arrived from Edinburgh in response to an urgent signal. The Commander is delighted to see him, but cannot for the moment remember why he so urgently desired the Lieutenant-Commander's presence. Scottie saves the situation with a cup of tea.

1545. A second cup of tea promotes great bonhomie and reminiscences of Jutland. The Commander makes a note in his diary to remind him to recommend Scottie for Leading Wren.

FIRST DOG WATCH

Two Bells (1700). The Commander steams out of the white wooden gate at high speed. Reminiscences of Jutland have delayed him overlong. The Gunner, the Lieutenant R.N.V.R., the Wrens and the bell-bottoms are already out of sight below the horizon. The Commander makes a sharp turn to port and proceeds, unescorted.



"... and NOBODY knows they will be moving and it will go for a perfectly SILLY price."

Home Chat

BUT, darling, you can put on your uniform again, this once."
"Yes, daddy, do put it on—and let me drill you."

"If you wish to drill me, Peter, you must do so in what I have on now."

"Don't be silly, darling, what fun could there be in drilling you in grey flannel trousers and an old pork-pie hat?"

"I could slope arms with a spade."

"But, daddy, even the boys in the street have Tommy-guns and knives."

"If you wish to change places with the boys in the street you only have to say so, Peter. Of course it will mean eating what they eat, and sleeping where they sleep, and having their mothers and fathers."

"Darling, put on your uniform this once. It isn't often I ask you."

"Once and for all, I am not *allowed* to put on my uniform. I have had constant letters from War Office telling me as much."

"Only because they were afraid you

might try to buy first-class tickets on the cheap. If they knew it was just to please Peter and me..."

"You cannot couple the two things together. Peter's request is totally different. He simply wanted to drill me."

"Then why not put it on this once?"

"Because if I put it on for him I should have no peace from you."

"There's no harm in seeing, darling."

"No! I have fought and bled and toiled and sweated in that uniform, and now I have put it away for ever. I am not going to put it on again simply because it will help you in the shops."

"Then I shall see that you suffer for it. When there is no bacon for your breakfast, or sugar for your tea, you will have no complaint."

"What difference can it make? The war is over."

"This was a place untouched by war. It is not like London. There were no bombs, no requisitioned houses, no

food shortage, and, apparently, no people called up for the forces. In these shops they are still impressed by anyone in khaki."

"And you wish to exploit the fact?"

"I simply wish to get a little bit extra on the grounds that you fought for these people. Come, darling, be a sweetheart. You needn't return any salutes, I promise you. Just walk down with me to Mr. Pink and surprise him. Of course, if you prefer him to think that you were in the black market for cosmetics all the time, you may do so."

"Go on, daddy, just put it on to walk down to the shops and then I can drill you outside while mummy goes in."

"It is no use drilling him outside, Peter, when I want Mr. Pink to see him."

"He could come out and watch me drilling him."

"No, Peter. What do you suppose would happen if somebody from the

War Office came down and found me, months after my release, putting on uniform simply to go round the shops with mummy and get a little bit extra?"

"Oh, I expect people from the War Office are constantly doing it themselves. They are the very kind who would. Considering you see them going up to the City every day carrying shopping bags..."

"They may do. I do not happen to have been a Whitehall Warrior."

"Very well, my sweet, be bigoted. I was not asking you to stand in a fish queue in mess-kit holding out a newspaper. I simply wanted Mr. Pink and the man in Hemingway's to know who my husband was. Then next week he might make some remark about you, and I should mention the one thing you longed for all the time you were a prisoner of war, and perhaps he will give me a little as a surprise for you; I shall explain to the man in Hemingway's..."

"No, darling."

"Very well, if you refuse to do that, at least let me go down in your green beret."

"But you were not in the Com-mandos. You might as well wear a crown and a star on your shoulder!"

"Even a green beret would make people realize my husband had not

spent the whole of the war overeating like their husbands have."

"Here it is, mummy. Are you going to try it on?"

"Oh, thank you, Peter. That's a good boy."

"Peter, give that to me at once."

"Give it to me, Peter. . . . Thank you. Now, is this the way you wear it?"

"Oh, if you must put the thing on, angel, put it on properly. That part pulls down to the right. No, take it like this by the seam, look, and pull."

"How do I look?"

"Well, you don't look at all bad, as a matter of fact. It might be quite a good idea if you got a hat made like that. It looks quite saucy, with your hair that colour."

"Why should I get a hat made like it, darling, when you already have one?"

"But you've got the badge in it."

"All right, considering you gave me a badge made up as a brooch and asked me to wear it, I will wear it now—in your hat. I rather agree with you. Yes, it does suit me, doesn't it?"

"Are you going down to the shops like that?"

"Why not?"

"If you are, I don't mind coming with you."

"Darling! You can't mean I look as nice as that?"

"You look uncommonly pretty; besides, I rather like the idea of you wearing my old green beret now that I've done with it. It does sort of show the flag a bit, if you know what I mean. I don't know why we never thought of that before."

"What is there of daddy's I can wear, mummy? Daddy, what can I wear?"

"You can take my revolver."

"Whatever for, darling?"

"We will go into Mr. Pink together, and then if he doesn't give us a little extra bacon we will drill him."

o o

"The mystery of the startling demand for £63 made to you by the local Collector of Taxes has been solved. The explanation is a simple one—the number of your house had somehow or another drifted into the cash column in his books."

Letter from bank manager.

Better keep your phone number from him.

o o

"A GREAT SAVING.—Owing to pressure of work on hand we regret we cannot accept any further orders until JANUARY."

Advertisement.

Always a silver lining, isn't there?



"... and I suppose the ones under the horse-shoe are the racing edition."

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A perfect spring

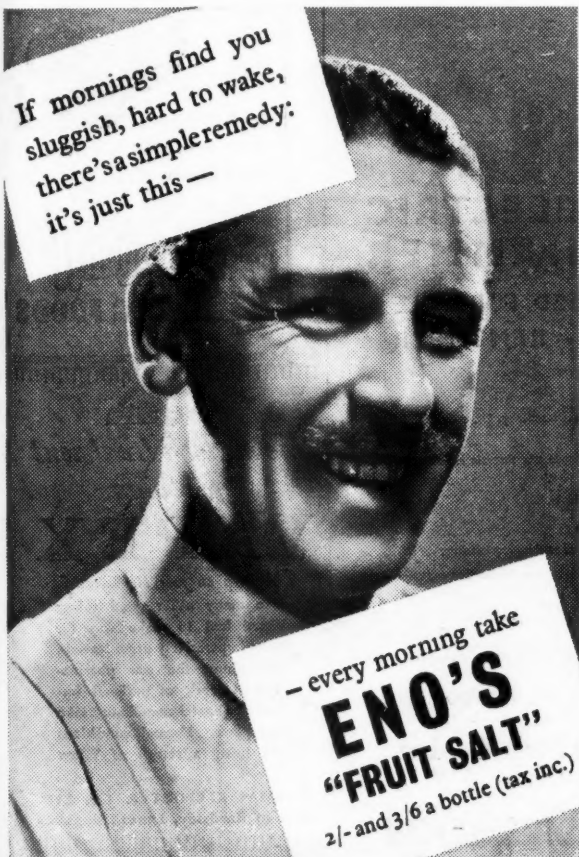
Easily, gracefully, the kangaroo lollops along. In mechanics this kind of energy is usually released by means of springs. In fact one cannot imagine modern civilisation without them. Press an electric switch, turn a door handle, start a car, wind a clock—all these, and countless other things, depend on spring action. And the most efficient springs are those designed, made and tested by Terry's of Redditch. Their 90 years' specialised experience is at your disposal.

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forbearance.

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The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely how the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work: it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen' to-day.

'SANATOGEN'

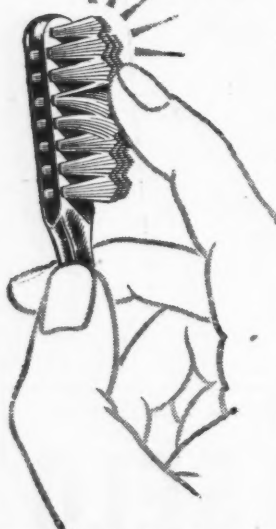
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NERVE TONIC

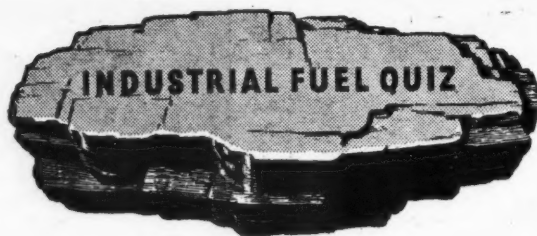
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Q.. My two stokers are not properly trained. What is the quickest way to make them thoroughly efficient boiler-house men?

A.. Give each man a copy of the "STOKER'S MANUAL." This has been specially prepared for boiler-house personnel. It gives practical details of how the job can best be done and explains why. It describes the proper operation of all the commoner types of shell and central heating boilers. Obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office or any bookseller, price 6d.

Q.. I want my staff to see the "STEAM" film. How can this be arranged?

A.. Get in touch with your Regional Office of the Ministry of Fuel and Power. They will give you full particulars regarding the showing of this and other instructional films.

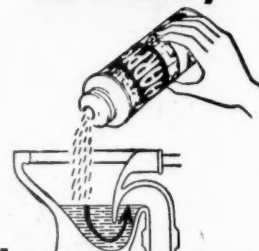
Q.. With the change-over in production I shall be putting in some new process plant. How can I ensure that the new demand for steam does not outstrip the supply at awkward times?

A.. The Ministry of Fuel and Power has issued a bulletin, No. 26, on this subject. It is called "Peak Steam Demands—Cause, Effect and Cure." You will be well advised to obtain a copy of this, and of all the other Bulletins dealing with the utilisation of steam, from the Regional Office of the Ministry of Fuel and Power.



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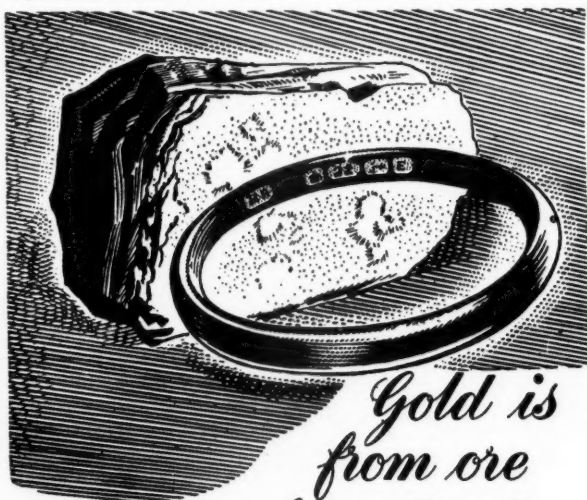
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Punt and river, rod and line,
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